

Psycho by Aeryn-Inara

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Summary: Post S2 - Steve is forced to go to a party by Nancy and Jonathon and runs into a drunk Billy Hargrove. Sequel to Showmanship.

Psycho

Steve was avoiding Billy, well doing his best to avoid him. He even felt like he had been doing a pretty good job of it.

He didn't respond to or acknowledge Billy's taunts and insults, arranged to pick up and drop off the nerds around Billy dropping off and picking up Max and avoided all the regular older teen haunts, which wasn't too hard given his main social group was a bunch of 13 year olds.

But even the most herculean of efforts was never going to work, not in a town as small as Hawkins and not with Billy's obsession with making his life miserable.

After the incident in the showers Billy's wardrobe appeared to have inexplicably shrunk two sizes, clothing either painted on or unable to close. He also felt free to tease Steve, whispering inappropriate and sexual comments in his ear and touching him an unnecessary amount during basketball practice.

Of course the public insults and jokes at his expense never stopped. It just seemed Billy took perverse pleasure in seeing Steve humiliated publicly and privately.

Steve had refused to let himself be drawn in by the mind games he was clearly playing. The library and locker room encounters flashing through his mind.

"I'm not going to be the plaything of a bored Californian boy who finds teasing the queer an entertaining pastime. Nothing will come of it, other than being more fucked up than I already am"

It actually helped that he now had Nancy back in his life, even Byers was a pleasant addition. They helped keep him connected to his peers and provided support, especially as the harmless mockery soon became not so harmless.

Billy appeared to take Steve's refusal to react as a personal challenge, his efforts only increasing both the blonde's actions and anger.

He eventually became as physically aggressive as he was verbally abusive. His words were no longer teasing but vulgar and no excuse was needed for him to trip, slam or shove Steve, other than his mere existence seemed to piss him off.

This would have been fine, Steve could deal with that shit, expected it even. Hawkins was small town and homosexuality wasn't commonplace. Christ, even he was guilty of giving Byers shit about being queer so he can't hold it against others. He just figured eventually it would stop being interesting, and Billy would quit it.

But his friend's insistence that he stop avoiding social situations was, along with annoying the shit out of him, forcing him into scenarios with the blonde bad boy of his wet dreams, that he was doing his damndest to avoid.

While he had missed Nancy's friendship as much, if not more than, he missed their relationship he had forgotten how frustratingly persistent she could be.

"Steve... Your coming. No more arguments. We are not letting you sit at home all alone, your parents are out and I know your not babysitting Mike and his friends. You can't avoid every social event in Hawkins just in case he's there. If you do he wins. I mean seriously, you've faced actual monsters, he's just a dick"

Byers, of course, just sat there listening to her rant at Steve with a knowing smirk on his face. Aware the battle was already lost and was just waiting for Steve to cave.

Steve hated to admit it but he kind of liked Byers. He was kind, genuine and after getting to know Will, and learning from the kid the role Byers had played in raising him, Steve truly respected him. They were kind of becoming friends. Weird right?

At first Nancy and Byers had spent most their time feeling guilty whenever Steve was near. Toning down their public displays of affection for his sake and walking on eggshells around him. Even doing this they couldn't disguise their feelings. Steve realised quickly that while it did hurt, it was a lot less than he had feared.

They had relaxed and were more open once he told them that. True comfortability was a long way off but he had hope that they would all get there.

As expected he caved and here they all were, at some party, trying to act like normal teenagers.

Nancy and Jonathan were dancing, when they weren't mothering him, and he hung out with his teammates, well the ones who still talked to him.

Steve was honest enough to acknowledge that he had only caved because he had heard from Max earlier that Billy was grounded.

Steve had scoffed at the idea that Billy Hargrove would adhere to anyone's rules but Max had looked so serious when she said that he wouldn't piss off his dad that Steve didn't doubt her.

He knew he shouldn't have trusted the kid.

After barely an hour in walked Billy fucking Hargrove, wearing what barely constituted a shirt, painted on denim jeans and sporting a fresh shiner.

"Well at least whoever's ass he kicked got in a hit"

Billy appeared to be already drunk, his increased euphoria and slight stumble giving him away.

Billy always seemed tuned into his location, able to find him no matter where he hid, and true to fashion in barely a minute his eyes found Steve's.

Billy lip curled into a sneer and he started pushing his way through the crowd towards Steve.

Steve didn't even have a chance to maneuver his way to an exit before he was grabbed and dragged into an empty room by an angry Billy.

"Well lookie here. King Steve decided to rejoin society. Preying on the little kiddies lose its appeal?"

Steve rolled his eyes and refused to respond. It wasn't the first, or the worst, insult Billy had made about Steve's friendship with the kids.

Steve considered trying to leave but Billy was firmly planted in front of the door. Trying to get past him would only lead to a fight he wasn't sure he could win.

Steve's lack of response only increased Billy's anger. Venom and sarcasm dripped from each word as he continued to taunt Steve.

"Or are you just chasing after the princess's skirts. Hoping she'll get so drunk she'll let you slip her one..."

Billy's mocking sneer suddenly turned nasty. Grabbing Steve by his shirt he pulled him in close before slamming him against the wall

"What the actual fuck Hargrove?"

This was actually the first time Steve had spoken to Billy since the locker room incident. His hands reaching to remove Billy grip on his clothes before the boy decided to beat the shit out of him and he was cornered with no escape.

"Or Is it Byers you're trailing after? With enough drinks I'm sure he'll be easy to convince. Down on your knees offering to suck cock you're as pretty as any girl. I'm sure the ice princess doesn't lower herself to perform such a sordid act. How could he resist a little slut like you"

Steve snapped. Maybe it was the alcohol in his system, maybe the comments about his friends or maybe he was just unable to deal with any more of the fucked up shit that Billy had been throwing at him for weeks.

He shoved Billy, hard, shocking the blonde into releasing him. Then took a swing at the blonde teen, hitting him square in the mouth.

Billy, of course, just laughed and licked the blood from his now split lip.

"Hit a nerve Harrington?"

"No, I'm just sick of your shit Hargrove. You're a fucking psycho"

"Fuck you! Don't think you're better than me pretty boy. I know who you really are"

"What's the fuck does that mean?"

Billy was back in Steve's personal space, except now there was no violence in his actions just smug satisfaction.

He slid his hands seductively slid up Steve's chest, dragging his shirt up and exposing his lower abdomen to the cool air, until he reached the junction between the brunettes shoulder and neck. Billy lightly wrapped one hand around Steve's throat while the other held him firmly by the shoulder as he leant in to whisper in the other boys ear.

"It means you didn't need to go crawling back to that bitch and her boy for attention,"

Steve wanted to push Billy away. He really did.

"Fuck you"

He was a psychotic asshole, but he was finally pressed up against his body the way he had been fantasizing about for weeks, and it was a temptation Steve was just too weak to resist.

"Byers..." Billy practically purred into Steve's ear "He wouldn't know what to do with you..." before trailing his mouth down Steve's throat and murmuring "It would be such a waste."

Billy ran the flat of his tongue up Steve's neck. "Oh and the princess, I bet the princess was made of ice." then began to nip and suck marks into the other boy neck "Cold to the touch and unwilling to give more than necessary to get you off" Steve's breathing stutters as Billy's teeth lightly tug on his earlobe "I would have you begging like a bitch in heat. When I'm done with you no one else will ever be enough"

Steve's chest was heaving as he struggled for breath, the blonde's touch making his skin feel as if it's was on fire and his words making his head spin. The blonde's mood swings had Steve on edge. The rapid switching between tormentor to seducer was twisting him into knots. He wanted what Billy offered so bad that it made him doubt his own memory and even rewrite it, if only to justify his desire for

the blonde.

All the reasons Steve had had to resist the other boy seemed almost superficial, the mind games merely just foreplay for them, and he grabbed the blonde's curls and yanked, pulling the boy's mouth away from its avid fascination with his neck.

"You're such a fucking asshole, you know that?"

And before Billy could respond Steve had pulled him into fierce kiss, teeth clashing and tongues battling for dominance. Billy seemed shocked by Steve's kiss at first but he quickly took control, forcing the other boy to follow his lead.

Billy pinned Steve against the door with his weight, grinding his growing erection into the smaller boy crotch. One of hands pressed against the door, the other buried itself in Steve's hair as his mouth ravaged Steve's mouth, neck and any other bit of the boy's flesh he could reach.

Moans and grunts were all that could be heard as the boys, overwhelmed by pleasure, vigorously rutted against the other.

Steve had just gripped Billy's hips, encouraging him to grind harder and move quicker, when Billy's suddenly stopped and began to step away

"What-"

Billy smirked and winked at the dishevelled and clearly turned on boy.

"Don't get your panties in a bunch Harrington, I'm not going anywhere."

Billy quickly undid Steve's pants, yanking them down before dropping to his knees. Licking his lips then throwing the brunette a smug smirk he took the older boys cock into his mouth.

Steve head slammed back against the door, hips instinctively thrusting as the blonde began to move his mouth up and down his length.

Billy reached for Steve's hands and brought them to his head, indicating for and encouraging the boy to pull his hair and thrust into his mouth.

Steve was shocked at how eager Billy was, most girls who had done this for him had been tentative and kinda grossed out but Billy seemed as turned on by it as he was.

Billy was moaning around his dick, the vibration causing Steve's head to spin, as he ran his hands over Steve's body, bruising, scraping and grasping at his flesh, unable to stop touching the brunette even as the boy fucked into his mouth.

"Billy... fuck... please... I'm gonna..." Steve tried to warn the blonde, tugging at his hair, but Billy just took him deeper. Steve could feel his orgasm building quickly, the tightness of Billy's throat felt like a velvet vice and it was just too much for the brunette to handle.

Steve's climax ripped through him with a white hot intensity. His cum shooting down the other boys throat as he moaned Billy's name, over and over.

Billy hummed and moaned around Steve's cock as he swallowed his cum and worked him through the aftermath of his orgasm.

With his chest heaving, vision blurry and legs feeling like jello Steve barely noticed the smug blonde crawling up his body until his mocking voice was next to his ear.

"Remember this moment Harrington. This was the moment I ruined you. No one is going to be able to give it to you better"

Steve thought about shoving him away for the smug boast, but he was still too relaxed by his recent orgasm to care too much. And in all honestly, 'just got his dick sucked" Steve actually found an arrogant Billy Hargrove kind of sexy.

Steve could feel Billy undoing his own pants, and while he wanted to help his limbs felt to heavy to move.

Steve was startled at first when Billy had moved back against, the feeling of the boy's erection hot and hard against his abdomen an

unfamiliar one.

Steve wrapped his arms around the blonde, stroking his shoulders and back, as Billy rutted against him, hands gripping his hips and his head buried in the brunette's neck.

Steve was shocked by the desperate moans and whines coming from the blonde. He had always had such control in their previous encounters. Steve couldn't help but feel a little smug that he brought the boy to this state.

Steve trailed his hands down Billy's back until he reached his lowered jeans. Steve ran his nails over the boys exposed ass cheeks and felt him shiver in response. Feeling bold Steve ran his fingers along the seam of the boys ass, which caused him to instinctually thrust harder against him.

Before he could explore any further Billy reached for his hands, placing one on his hip and the other on his now weeping erection.

At first Billy guided him, his hand wrapped around Steve's, but he soon let go and let the other boy have control.

With his muscular arms bracketed around Steve, Billy began to murmur encouragement and lewd suggestions.

"That's it baby...Feels so good...Squeeze a little tighter, yeah that it...You want my cum bad don't you? You want it all over your pretty face..."

Steve felt himself beginning to get aroused by Billy's words, and he really wanted to take himself into hand and enjoy the fantasy the other boy painted, but the need to see the blonde cum was stronger.

Steve watched in awe as Billy's breath became labored, and quiet whines slipped from his parted lips, as he drew closer and closer to his climax.

"So beautiful...fuck... I could watch him like this forever. I'm so screwed"

Suddenly Billy roughly pulled him in for a sloppy kiss, all tongue and

uncoordinated passion, and came in thick spurts all over Steve's hand and their clothes.

Billy, strangely quiet, laid his forehead against the other boys and smiled in calm satisfaction. Steve had never seen such a serene look on the boys face, it was a look he was determined to see more of.

They stood there like that for a few minutes, nothing but their foreheads touching, basking in the afterglow, before Billy's signature mischeifious look appeared.

Billy reached for Steve's cum covered hand and brought it up to his mouth and licked off a strip of the still sticky cum, then winked at the brunette. Steve's cock instantly hardened at the image.

"Goddamn it, does he want to kill me. There are only so many time a guy can cum"

Billy moaned at the taste before flicking his eyes to Steve's in challenge.

"If that's how you want to play it Hargrove"

Steve nervously brought his hand to his mouth, it was his first time tasting it, before he began to suck and lick his fingers and hand, removing any trace of Billy's cum and moaning like a pornstar the whole time. Billy smug expression quickly shifted to an intense look of lust..

"How's that for showmanship!"

Steve wasn't the biggest fan of the taste, but figured that was likely because it cooled, however the look on Billy's face made it more than worth it.

The boys stood staring each other down, the tension building, both waiting for the other to make a move.

Knock, knock, knock "Hey... Anyone in there?"

The unexpected banging on the door startling both boys out of the moment.

"Hey" Knock, knock "Hey man..." Knock, knock, knock "Me and my girl need the room..."

The tension in the room changed to panicked as both boys realised they could be caught. A look of horror overtook Billy's expression before he shoved Steve from him, then abruptly pulled his pants up and bolted from the room, knocking the amorous teen and girlfriend over on his way out.

"Jesus fucking christ. Asshole couldn't give me 5 minutes to fix myself up. What did I expect. Fuck!"

Steve fixed his clothes and headed out, dodging Nancy and Byers who were apparently searching the party for him.

"I'll apologise tomorrow. Better to ask forgiveness than permission right? I just need to get into some clean clothes before anyone notices the cum stains."

Steve headed for his car, a smile on his face, now certain that the attraction between him and Billy was mutual. It wasn't some figment of his imagination, driven by his hormones, but something real.